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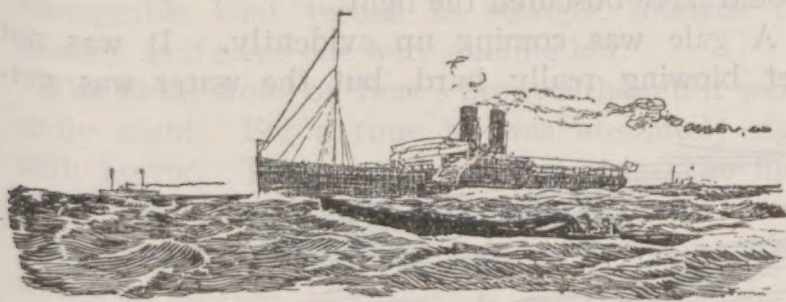
FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.



THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

JULY 1924

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.



On a Runaway Hydroplane

BY G. E. HOPCROFT

BERT CHALMERS knew how to steer a sailing yacht, but he understood absolutely nothing about motors. He could handle his father's 21-foot cutter like a professional, but when he got chummy with the owner of a racing hydroplane he could make nothing of the gliding boat's complicated engines.

"Look here, Bert," said Mr. Burland, the owner of the boat in question, the hydroplane *Beaver*, "my mechanic has given in, ill, but I must tune up my boat for the Hooper Cup Races. I wish you'd come out and steer for me this afternoon. I shall have to attend to the engines myself, I suppose."

Bert looked a little doubtful. "I don't think I could handle such a flier, Mr. Burland," he said. "By the way, what's her speed?"

Burland laughed. "Forty knots at a push. But don't get funky, boy; you handle your dad's boat beautifully."

"Yes; but her best speed is eight knots, and she's a sailer," replied Bert.

"Oh, I'll put you up to the trick in no time," persisted Mr. Burland; and at last Bert consented to try his hand at motor-boat steering.

The boat, a fine hydroplane, was moored off Ryde, and Bert went out to her in by no means an easy frame of mind. It was some time before he "got the trick" of handling such a flier, but his experience on board his father's sailing cutter stood him in good stead.

"You'll do," said Mr. Burland, at last; "but that's enough for to-day. To-morrow I particularly wish to go out to the Nab to see how she stands broken water."

Certainly the sea was choppy next day when the

lad accompanied Mr. Burland on board the *Beaver*. But it was glorious to see the wonderful boat "lift" and go skimming over the water at nearly forty knots. Bert could not help feeling proud as he steered her after a fast excursion steamer, and went past the paddle-boat just as if she were at anchor. But Mr. Burland was not satisfied with the going of his boat, and it was getting quite dusk as he said to Bert, "We must have another run out to the Nab, lad. She's not going at her best, and it's but three days to the Cup race."

Bert looked up at the sky doubtfully. "It's getting late, Mr. Burland," he said, "and I fancy it's going to blow up pretty strong as night comes on."

"Oh, we'll be back in no time," replied the owner carelessly.

Bert had done a good deal of yachting, and he knew that it was anything but a night on which to take a flimsily built hydroplane out to the Nab. Nevertheless he held on, much against his judgment.

The boat "pounded" badly—that is to say, the waves struck her flat bottom tremendous blows as she dashed at them. At last even Mr. Burland got uneasy, and he stood up, leaving the engines for a moment, and looked over the side. He wore a life-belt, and so did Bert, as is customary on these rather dangerous boats.

"Better bring her round and head for home," exclaimed Mr. Burland suddenly. "You were right; we ought not to have come out here again. I do believe it's blowing up for a regular south-wester."

Now if there is any type of boat that needs to be brought round carefully it is a hydroplane. But Bert, a little nervous perhaps, brought the *Beaver* round with a rush, so that she almost capsized.

"Look out, Bert! Look out!" shouted Burland. "There's a big bit of driftwood over there."

He leaned out over the side just as Bert brought the boat round so suddenly that she heeled over until it looked as if she must turn turtle. The sudden jerk made the owner lose his balance, and he went over the side into the mass of foam which the "skimmer" raised as she planed over the water. At the very same moment there was a crash, and Bert found that the little steering-wheel was running "free"—the big piece of driftwood had carried away the rudder!

The hydroplane was travelling at quite thirty-seven knots, and Mr. Burland was soon miles astern. *It was impossible for Bert to steer the flying boat!* And then, with a thrill of horror, he remembered that he *did not know how to stop her!* Night was coming on, a gale was working up from the southwest, and the boat was heading at full speed right out into the open Channel!

he could not examine the engines properly on the chance of finding the right lever. Soon St. Catherine's light shone brightly over the water, miles to the westward, and the lad knew that he must be well clear of the Isle of Wight, or the cliffs near Shanklin would have obscured the light.

A gale was coming up evidently. It was not yet blowing really hard, but the water was get-



The average hydroplane is about as unsuitable a boat for rough weather in the Channel as could be found. Bert knew enough of yachts and boats to realize that he was doomed, unless something very unforeseen happened.

Yawing wildly, the boat dashed on. Bert did not know how to stop her, and in the gathering gloom

ting rougher every moment. Still the hydroplane weathered on. Her speed had decreased a little, but Bert estimated that she was going over thirty knots. She was pounding heavily, and the boy knew that, if once the sea really got up, she would either be smashed or capsize. Then suddenly he looked out ahead. A big ocean liner, with her

side lights burning brightly, was coming straight towards him at full speed.

The hydroplane yawed wildly. First her bows pointed right at the oncoming steamer, anon she swung round, and Bert breathed again; then, as if she had suddenly made up her mind, the unmanageable boat turned as straight towards the steamer as if some one were guiding her.

The sweat stood on Bert's brow, although it was a chilly night. For a time he was absolutely rigid with horror. This, then, was the end. The liner was steaming twenty knots, perhaps, and the *Beaver* was dashing to meet her at thirty-five. The impact would be terrible.

Then suddenly it occurred to the boy that his pocket flash-lamp *might* be seen. With frantic haste he drew it out of his pocket and flashed it towards the steamer. It was but a glimmering light out on that wide expanse of sea, but Bert knew that a keen lookout is kept on those express liners.

On flew the boat. A siren boomed out over the water; then it stopped, only to boom again urgently. Bert flashed his lamp. He was almost upon the liner now.

"Motor-boat ahoy! Where are you coming to, you lubbers?" shouted a voice through a megaphone.

Bert held his breath, and it must be admitted that, as the boat got close to the liner, he closed his eyes—waiting for the crash!

But the crash never came. The thorough lookout which, be it said to his honour, "Merchant Jack" keeps, saved the boat. The bows of the giant liner swung round, and with her screws reversed she went past the boat with but a few feet to spare.

Bert opened his eyes, and as he saw that the liner had cleared him he heaved a huge sigh of relief. But his relief did not last two seconds. Although the liner had passed, the "wash" caused by the passage of so huge a body was enough to overwhelm a bigger craft than the *Beaver*. A mighty swell seemed to rise up before Bert's eyes, then in a moment he was in the water—in the smother caused by the liner's swell meeting the huge wave raised by the hydroplane as she dashed on at such a tremendous speed.

Down—down! It seemed to the boy that he must have gone almost to the bottom of the Channel when, all at once, he bobbed up, and for a moment saw a star overhead. Then another swirl took him down again, and he remembered thinking dimly that this was the end. But no! He got clear of the smother, and his life-belt kept him afloat.

When Bert recovered his senses he saw the liner

nearly a mile away, it seemed to him. He felt terribly lonely and used up, but raised a feeble shout for help.

Fortunately for the forlorn lad those on board the liner were not the men to chance leaving a fellow-creature to perish. The chief officer on the bridge had made out the form of a boy in the motor-boat as she capsized. The shout that Bert gave was borne away on the wind, but the lad saw to his joy that the big ship had stopped. Suddenly a searchlight flashed, and the bright finger of light came creeping over the water. Would it turn his way? No; it was gone in another direction. Then back it came, and presently Bert was nearly blinded, for the beam shone right in his face. Away again it went, then it came back and stopped. Bert waved his arm, and faintly over the water came the sound of cheering. He had been seen!

It seemed ages before the boat, which was promptly lowered, reached Bert. He was numbed with cold and half fainting when he was dragged over the gunwale.

Dimly he remembered the hissing steam, the glittering lights, and the cheers from the boat-deck as he was taken on board the great ship. Then all was blackness.

When the lad came to he was in the ship's "hospital," and the doctor was bending over him.

"Touch and go for you, lad," said the doctor, in a kindly tone. "How on earth came you out there in that hydroplane?"

Bert told his story, and asked anxiously if the doctor thought Mr. Burland had escaped.

"Don't know; but we'll call up everything and every station within reach by wireless," was the reply. And out went the doctor to see "Sparks," the operator.

Bert was up and in the saloon next morning, when the doctor came up to him radiant.

"We've picked up a destroyer, who tells us that they've picked up Mr. Burland," he said.

"Hurrah!" shouted Bert. "But I am afraid, doctor, that he won't win the Hooper Cup with the *Beaver* this year."

+ + +

Man. "If these spectacles won't do, what shall you do?"

Optician. "Give you a stronger pair."

Man. "If those don't do?"

Optician. "A stronger pair."

Man. "If those don't do?"

Optician. "Oh, give you a dog and a piece of string."

Sent in by PHILIP GOODE,
10 Braces Road, Marlbrook, near Bromsgrove.



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



THE teacher explained the meaning of an epidemic to the class very carefully, ending up by saying, "So, you see, an epidemic is something that spreads." She paused a moment. "Now, Charlie," she said, "give me an example of an epidemic."

"Jam," said Charlie brightly.

Sent in by NANCY HAGGER,
83 Fairfax Road, Hampstead, London,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

✦ ✦ ✦

Old Sailor. "Yes, mum, that's a man-o'-war."

Lady. "How interesting! And what is that little one just in front?"

Sailor. "Oh! that's just a tug."

Lady. "Oh! yes, of course—tug-of-war! I've heard of them."

Sent in by EDWARD O'NEILL,
21 Massey Park, Wallasey.

✦ ✦ ✦

THERE was a certain cook in a lady's house who was in the habit of giving her young man (a policeman) supper every night. One night she was a long time downstairs, and her mistress called out, "Mary, do you know it is getting late?" Her answer was, "All right, ma'am, I am only filling the copper."

Sent in by KATHLEEN JENKINS,
71 West Street, Bedminster, Bristol.

✦ ✦ ✦

A LITTLE boy was offered a chance to spend a week in the country, but refused. Coaxing, pleading, arguing, promising of untold wonders, alike brought from him nothing but the stubborn ultimatum: "No country for me!" "But why not?" some one asked, finally. "Because," he responded, "they have thrashing machines down there, and it is bad enough here where it is done by hand."

Sent in by OLIVE RICHMOND,
59 Cromarty Avenue, Newlands, Glasgow.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE professor came into his classroom looking quite excited.

"I want you to give me all your attention," he told his waiting students. "I have here an interesting specimen—extremely interesting. A dissected frog."

All eyes were fixed obediently upon him as he took from his pocket a small package, removed the wrapping-paper, and showed the class—half a dozen sandwiches!

For a moment he gazed blankly at this unexpected sight. Then the class heard him murmur,—

"But, good gracious! I am sure I ate my lunch!"

Inspector. "Now, Tommy, we have just seen the word 'libel.' What is a libel?"

Tommy. "A fing you stick on a bottle, sir."

Sent in by ELSIE WOOD,
506 Oldham Road, Middleton, Manchester.

✦ ✦ ✦

A LONDON lad was standing with his donkey and barrow selling vegetables, when a smartly dressed young man came up and asked: "I say, boy, would you like to drive me to the Mansion House?" The boy thought for a moment and then replied: "Yes, guv'nor; but I don't think the 'arness would fit yer."

Sent in by E. TROUGHTON,
Sunnyside, Kirklington, Carlisle.

✦ ✦ ✦

AN absent-minded professor was walking through the college, deeply thinking, in the dead of night, when he thought he heard movements from a room, the door of which was closed. He knocked, saying, "Is any one there?" The answer came, "No, sir." "Strange," muttered the professor, walking away, "I could have been certain I heard movements in that room!"

Sent in by DOREEN BUSS,
Budgenor Cottage, Midhurst, Sussex.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE inspector was examining the boys concerning the story of David and Goliath. He had been describing the parts of Goliath's armour, and asked, "Now, boys, what was it Goliath forgot to do?" expecting as the answer that he had forgotten to close his visor.

The reply was: "Please, sir, he forgot to duck!"

Sent in by GLADYS PLOWMAN,
Southfield School.

✦ ✦ ✦

SAM, the new butcher boy, was smart and energetic in every detail and was giving his master great satisfaction. One day he stood by the butcher's block intently watching his master cutting up a bullock's head. After a while the butcher cut out the tongue, and turning to the lad remarked,—

"There, my boy, that's a tongue that never told a lie."

"Ay, sir," answered the boy.

"Can you beat it?" said the butcher.

"Ay, sir," said the boy again.

"In what way, sonny?" asked the other.

"Well, sir," said the boy, pointing to his own mouth, "this tongue has often told the truth. The bullock's never has."

✦ ✦ ✦

"Mary, what are you doing wearing my new hat?"

"You said I could have it as soon as you had worn it out, and you wore it out yesterday, mum!"

Sent in by MARJORIE LIPSCOMBE,
75 Second Avenue, Manor Park, London, E.12.

Have You a Garden ?

BY WINIFRED HAMMOND, F.R.H.S.

YOU will remember that in the April number I told you that Shirley Poppies could be made to last quite a long time in water if they were cut in the early morning or late evening, when the green calyx had just burst, showing a little of coloured petals within.

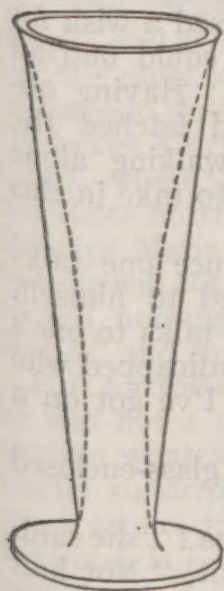


FIG. 1.—Narrow trumpet vases, such as shown by the dotted lines, are bad, as they hold little water and crush the stems of the flowers.

Another good plan, too, is to singe the cut ends in the fire. Poppies, if cut when fully opened, fall very quickly, so that it is certainly very necessary to try to prolong their lives if possible.

When arranging flowers never pack too many in a vase. If too many are crushed together, the full beauty of each one is lost, and in addition it is difficult for them to absorb moisture (Fig. 1).

Fresh water should be given daily, and a tiny piece of the stalk snapped off, so as to open the channels up which the water will pass; in fact, in *hot* weather, the water, especially in small narrow vases, should be changed both in the morning and the afternoon, for it soon becomes lukewarm, and the flowers then wilt. This does mean a lot of trouble, doesn't it? but if they are flowers from your own little plot, which you will naturally wish to keep fresh a long time to show to friends, you will find it worth while.

Woody stems, such as lilac, should have the rind

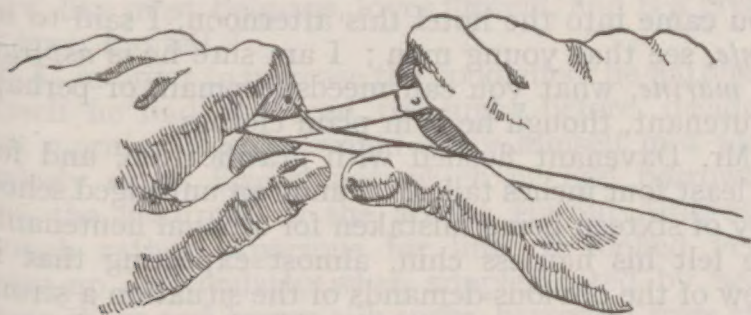


FIG. 2.—Splitting the "bark" from the cut end of a chrysanthemum stem.

split up for an inch or two (Fig. 2), and it is always a wise plan when cutting flowers to cut the ends of the stalks in a sloping direction, otherwise the flat ends rest on the bottom of the vase and are unable to suck up the water (Fig. 3).

Always remember to take out a pair of scissors when going to pick flowers for the house, for I'm sure that you will not want to fetch them after-

wards, will you? and so you will just tear the stalks to save trouble! Should, by chance, this happen, be sure to cut the tip of the stalks before putting them into water.

When Chrysanthemum time comes, try this plan as soon as they show the first signs of withering. Cut the ends of the stalks, and place them in tepid water in which a very little liquid ammonia has been placed. Take off any of the dead petals very carefully, and put some fresh foliage. They should then last quite a month.

Did you know that certain flowers hate one another! They do, and you can try an experiment to prove it for yourselves. Stocks, Mignonette, Sweet Peas, and Lilies of the Valley are the worst offenders. If you put any of them into vases with other flowers, you will soon find that they all begin to droop; but if put into separate vases, with fresh water, they will soon revive.

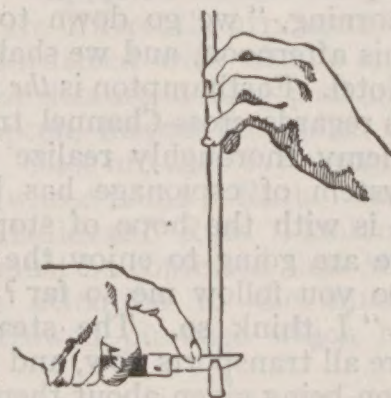


FIG. 3.—Cut stems in a sloping direction.

Have you ever thought of sending flowers by post to Grannie or some other friend? If you carried out the instructions given in the April number, you ought to have plenty to send away by this time.

Some people use ordinary paper to pack round their flowers, but it is a bad plan, as it absorbs the moisture; grease-proof paper, though, is excellent, and a good plan is to tie wads of damp cotton wool round the ends of the stalks.

If the box isn't full, the flowers will jolt about and get badly damaged, so, if you can spare them, fill the box *full* with the blooms, or else fill up the spaces with crumpled grease-proof paper.

✦ ✦ ✦

AN old doctor was passing down a street when he saw a little boy playing.

He said, "Which of the twins are you, Tommy or Johnny?"

The little boy answered, "If Tommy died I'm Johnny, and if Johnny died I'm Tommy!"

Sent in by WINIFRED MEGAW,
Brekagh, University Road, Belfast.

✦ ✦ ✦

"Too bad!" exclaimed the professor. "One of my pupils to whom I've given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of memory has forgotten to pay me, and the worst of it is, begorra, I can't remember his name."

Sent in by OLIVE A. GRAY,
146 Donegall Pass, Belfast.

P.J.

THE SECRET SERVICE BOY

BY LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON

EPISODE IV

IN KENT

"NOW," said Ambrose when his young friend made his appearance in Mount Street one morning, "we go down to Easthampton in my car this afternoon, and we shall stay at the Cinque Ports Hotel. Easthampton is the important place at present as regards cross-Channel traffic, and our friends the enemy thoroughly realize that fact. An elaborate system of espionage has been organized there, and it is with the hope of stopping that espionage that we are going to enjoy the sea air at Easthampton. Do you follow me so far?"

"I think so. The steamers from Easthampton are all transports now, and you want to stop information being given about them."

"That is it. There are three people we have our eye on, and I want you to use your powers of observation. I shall tell you nothing at present. Notice all you can, and draw your own conclusions. It will be useful training for you, and to-morrow night you shall give me your views on the subject of the enemy agents at Easthampton."

"I don't suppose that I shall spot anything at all. Isn't Easthampton rather a smart sort of a place, Mr. Ambrose? because I've only got one decent suit of clothes, and no proper evening things at all."

"That is easily remedied. My young brother Harold is, I should think, no taller than you, though much broader. There is a whole wardrobe full of his things in my bedroom, and poor Harold certainly does not require them at present in France. Help yourself to what you want. At any rate, you won't be able to complain of your borrowed clothes pinching you, as you did at Bremhill."

Ambrose and P.J. on arriving at Easthampton had tea in the hotel lounge. Near them two ladies were conversing in French: the elder one plain and ordinary looking, the younger one of remarkable beauty. She had a dazzling complexion, with very regular classical features, set off by a pair of flashing dark eyes, and Mr. Davenant was conscious of a sense of extreme attraction towards this radiant being. One of the little elementary courtesies of hotel life sufficed as an introduction, and P.J., to his intense delight, found himself seated opposite the beautiful foreigner. The ladies were Belgian refugees from Liège, the elder one being a Mme Gérard, the younger, Mlle Marie du Châtel. As P.J.'s acquaintance with foreign languages was unfortunately limited to German, his second mother-tongue, the conversation took place in English, which the elder lady spoke perfectly, the younger one haltingly in the most attractively broken fashion.

Mr. Davenant, when he had arranged his tie, surveyed himself with much satisfaction in his dressing-glass, arrayed in the absent Mr. Harold Ambrose's borrowed dinner-jacket.

"A dinner-jacket makes all the difference in a chap's appearance," he reflected. "I really must get one out of dad. I don't suppose that Mlle du Châtel would speak to me if I had on those silly Etons."

It was a warm still night, with a glorious moon, and after dinner Mlle du Châtel expressed a wish for a stroll in the moonlight, if only she could find an escort. Here was P.J.'s opportunity. Having obtained Mme Gérard's permission, and fetched the necessary wraps, he found himself walking alone with this radiant Belgian, hardly able to take in this piece of good fortune.

"I only wish I knew what the deuce one talks about to grown-up girls," he reflected to himself. "One can't spin her the silly tosh one talks to one's partners at dances. A chap is so handicapped who has had no experience. Never mind, I've got on a dinner-jacket."

Mlle du Châtel led the way to a glass-enclosed shelter, where they sat down.

"How beautiful is the moon on the sea!" she said.

Almost involuntarily P.J. blurted out, "Not half as beautiful as you are. I think you are the most beautiful person I have ever seen."

Half afraid of his own temerity, he paused, whilst the lovely Marie shot him a glance from her flashing eyes.

"It is quite easy to see one thing," she said. "You are *officier de marine*, naval officer, no? No naval officer is *timide*, and you, *ma foi*, you are not *timide*. You are meedsheepman, or perhaps already *lieutenant*, not? In Belgium, *hélas!* we have no *marine*, and no naval officers, but I adore them, especially the English ones."

P.J. protested that he was not a naval officer.

"Of course; I understand. You must deny it, and you are quite right. But I will tell you. When you came into the hotel this afternoon, I said to *ma tante*, see that young man; I am sure he is *aspirant de marine*, what you call meedsheepman, or perhaps *lieutenant*, though he is in plain clothes."

Mr. Davenant flushed with gratification, and felt at least four inches taller. Fancy an unfledged school boy of sixteen being mistaken for a naval lieutenant! He felt his hairless chin, almost expecting that in view of the obvious demands of the situation a strong beard would have sprouted. All the same, he was unable to conceal from himself a certain amount of embarrassment. "I do wish I knew what to do and what to say," he thought to himself. "I'd better tell her again how pretty she is; that can't do any harm," and he proceeded to do so.

"Tell me, what is your name, your *petit nom*?" whispered Marie.

"They call me P.J., but my real name is Jack."

"Ah! Jack. *J'adore cela, c'est bien Anglais*. Now, Jack, tell me which is your ship, and where she is now. Tell me if you are all alone, which must be so

triste, or if there are many other ships there. Then you and the other meedsheepsmans can have good times and fun. Is your ship up at Scapa Flow, and how many other ships are there? If I do not know, how can I write you a letter, Jack? Tell Marie everything, Jack," and the fascinating Mlle du Châtel took Mr. Davenant's hand and stroked it.

"We seem to be getting along like a house on fire," thought P.J., "but it's all her doing, not mine. How the dickens ought I to play up to her?"

"Now please tell Marie, who is so fond of sailor people, and she will write you, oh! such nice letters, but she must know first where to. Are you perhaps in torpedo destroyer or in submarine? Marie loves the brave Allies of Belgium, and wants to hear everything—where you are, how many ships, how you keep out those horrid German torpedoes, *enfin* everything. Perhaps Marie not see Jack again for so long time, but she will not forget him. Of course you are ordered to tell nothing about your ship, but you can tell Marie," and she again patted his hand.

P.J. for the second time asserted emphatically that he was not a naval officer, and disclaimed any connection whatever with the Navy, whereupon Mlle du Châtel suddenly discovered that she felt chilly and must return to her aunt. As they walked back to the hotel, P.J. felt quite elated, and immensely pleased with himself. "For a fellow who has never tried this sort of thing before, I really think I did uncommonly well," he thought to himself. "Lots of chaps of my age would have remained like stuck pigs, without saying a word. It was the dinner-jacket and the stick-up collar that did it."

In the hotel lounge he boldly followed his charmer to a corner where Mme Gérard was conversing with a middle-aged man dressed as a clergyman.

"This is the Abbé Vanloo, the *curé* of Meirelbeke, near Ghent," said Mme Gérard, introducing P.J. "M. l'Abbé devotes his whole life to helping our poor Belgian refugees. A kind English lady has lent her house and servants to M. l'Abbé, and you should see the *serre*, the greenhouse. It is wonderful, for the Abbé, like most Belgians, loves flowers, and is a great gardener himself."

P.J., in order to increase the good effect he flattered himself he had produced the night before, decided next morning that he would array himself in a particularly smart brown suit which he had borrowed from the wardrobe of the absent Harold Ambrose. Though rather capacious for him, it looked very grown-up, particularly when supplemented by neat brown shoes and brown silk socks, borrowed from the same convenient source of supply. "Yes, quite the nut, I think!" remarked Mr. Davenant approvingly, as he surveyed himself.

Ambrose had warned him at breakfast that he must look after himself for that day. So, finding that the Belgian ladies were going up to Clermont, the house lent to the Abbé Vanloo, P.J. volunteered to carry their impedimenta there.

"We love dear, hospitable England," said Mme Gérard, "but we do not love the currents of air there are everywhere in England, so we take our needle-

work up every day to the *serre*, the greenhouse of Clermont, where it is warm."

Encouraged by a bright glance which Marie shot at him from her sparkling eye, P.J. trudged cheerfully up the hill, loaded with feminine belongings.

Clermont was a modest enough building, but the large conservatory attached to it fully merited the praise Mme Gérard had lavished upon it. Never had P.J. seen so gorgeous a display of spring flowers—daffodils, hyacinths, and tulips blossomed in endless variety, all of them in pots with a name-label attached.

"Not only is the Abbé Vanloo a great gardener, but he is so clever at arrangements of colour, what we call *gamme des couleurs*," explained Mme Gérard. "Every day these flowers are differently arranged."

The conservatory was furnished with chairs and tables, and a neat and most demure-looking parlour-maid, in frilled cap and apron, helped the ladies to unpack their work-things. Once or twice P.J. caught the demure parlour-maid (whose name "Ruth" was pronounced by the Belgian ladies as "Roos") looking at him very intently. It must be confessed that Mr. Davenant attributed this attention to the smart brown suit and other borrowed plumage which he was wearing.

"We are so fond of Easthampton," said Mlle du Châtel. "*Ma tante* and I have picnic teas on the Downs very often. We love the beautiful air there, and the wonderful views, and we know that over yonder lies our dear Belgium. No," she continued, in response to an appealing glance from P.J., "we must be alone then. We talk of our poor Belgium, and of our loved ones there."

Mr. Davenant, finding no further excuse to linger, took his departure, and after luncheon, not wishing to thrust his company again on the Belgian ladies, he went for a solitary walk on the "Denes," one of the great features of Easthampton. Here, on a long stretch of deserted pathway high above the sea, he became suddenly overcome by one of his peculiar fits of sleepiness. There was but one solitary bench along the whole path, but when seated on this he found the fresh sea breeze disagreeably keen. The cliff behind the bench was thickly planted with euonymus, sea-buckthorn, and other sea-loving shrubs, and it occurred to him that he might find amongst these shrubs that shelter which the seat did not afford. He was fortunate enough to find, immediately behind the bench, a grassy nook completely sheltered by shrubs from the biting wind. Here he stretched himself out, and was just beginning to doze, when he heard footsteps approaching, and with a thrill he recognized the voice of his charmer. The ladies sat down on the bench, and the sea breeze brought every word that they uttered quite distinctly to his ears. He struggled with his drowsiness, uncertain whether he ought not to warn them of his presence. As, however, he could only understand one word in ten of the French, he decided that it was unnecessary, and was just dropping off to sleep, when he sat up, intensely awake, for the language had suddenly changed from French to one with which he was far more familiar.

"It is quite safe, Elsa," said Marie in German. "There is not a soul in sight, and I am sick of talking this hateful French. Besides, it is so much more convenient."

"Yes, perhaps it is safe," answered the elder lady. "Tell me, what do you make of those people at our hotel, Hedwig?"

"The man I distrust; I cannot say why, but I can always smell the police. That man, I am sure, is of the police. The boy is a fool, not worth troubling about." (Poor P.J.! His budding romance crumbled to powder.) "I took him at first for a *See Kadett*, a midshipman, for these absurd islanders send mere children to sea in their ships, but he is nothing at all, and knows nothing; just a brainless English boy."

"We have a message to send again to-day, and must go up on those detestable hills and catch colds and *Rheumatismus*. Ach! when I leave this hateful country, never again shall I sit in the open air, except perhaps in a garden in Berlin, with a glass of good beer before me."

"We cannot complain, Elsa. Here in this dull place we have first a *Blumen-Austellung* (a flower show), and then a *Geflügel-Austellung* (a poultry show)."

"That is witty! Yes, the good Abbé gives us a flower show, and then the kind Müller provides us with a poultry show. What a pretty *Volkslied* that is, *Kommt ein Vöglein geflogen* (A bird comes flying). I, too, can be witty."

"No, it should be *Geht ein Vöglein geflogen* (A bird goes flying)," and they both laughed. "At four o'clock we must go up to those hills with that cursed pony who always frightens me to death, and the kind Müller will give us our tea."

"Yes, the kind Müller will give us our tea," and they both laughed again. "Come, Hedwig, we must put on warmer clothes for our picnic."

And they walked off, leaving Mr. Davenant a prey to mingled emotions.

"What awful humbugs women seem to be," he reflected, "and they called each other Hedwig and Elsa. What did they mean by jawing about flower shows and poultry shows? Flower shows! Oh!" as a light broke in on him, "... but where do poultry shows come in? And why does 'a bird go flying'? Oh! I wonder!" and he gave a little whistle of two notes with an interval of a major third between them. "It's worth trying, anyhow. But who is Müller?"

In spite of the sharp wind, P.J. sat on the bench for a while and reflected. Then he made his way to Clermont, having first carefully tucked away into his pocket the brown silk handkerchief which gave the finishing touch to the "all-brown" suit he had borrowed from the absent Harold Ambrose.

At Clermont he explained to Ruth, the demure parlour-maid, that he must have left his handkerchief in the house. He thought that the parlour-maid eyed him suspiciously as she preceded him into the conservatory, where he again admired the splendid display of colour from the hundreds of spring bulbs.

"Father Vanloo takes the greatest care of his

flowers, sir," said the quiet Ruth, "and he is always shifting them about to get new colour effects."

Mr. Davenant examined the first row with the greatest care, reading all their labels. After a while he grinned from ear to ear, gave a little whistle, and pulled his brown silk handkerchief out from its hiding-place.

"By George! I've found my handkerchief," he cried. "Can you tell me where I can hire a bicycle?"

The parlour-maid gave him the information, still, as he thought, looking at him very suspiciously. At the cycle depot he examined a plan of Easthampton with great care, and noted that it was a quarter to four.

Finding the streets of the Upper Town inconveniently steep for cycling, he pushed his machine leisurely up the hill, after giving a glance at the clock of a church tower.

From a side street a shabby little pony-carriage drawn by a prodigiously fat pony emerged, and turned into the hilly street he was following. The shabby trap contained the two "Belgian" ladies, his charmer Marie holding the reins. The little carriage turned in at some open gates, and P.J. accelerated his progress. He arrived before a large yard, the gates of which were inscribed, "J. Miller, Baker and Confectioner." Immediately opposite the gates was a small stationer's shop. Mr. Davenant propped his bicycle against the wall, entered the shop, and demanded some picture post cards of Easthampton. The proprietress of the shop was an elderly and extremely garrulous lady, quite willing to enter into conversation.

In response to P.J.'s question as to who owned the yard opposite, she said, "You may well ask that. A German he is, or was, with a bakery in the Lower Town. Müller he was till the war broke out. Now he calls himself Miller, and is naturalized. They tell me the law can't touch him now. Oh, if I had my way with those Germans, into prison they'd all go, every one of them!"

P.J. had kept his eyes fixed on the yard through the shop windows during the old lady's harangue. He had noted a short, thickset man carrying out a flat wicker tea-basket, which he placed in the little carriage. The ladies then drove off, the fat pony breasting the hill in the most deliberate fashion. Mr. Davenant, after paying for his cards, strolled into the yard opposite, which he found empty. Everything in it seemed to interest him; even the surface of the soil, and the upper parts of the buildings. He returned to the stationer's shop.

"Three more post cards, please. Does that Mr. Miller keep fowls by any chance?" he asked casually.

"No, thank Heaven for small mercies, he does not. We're spared the noise of that at any rate, though I have heard that he is a great pigeon-fancier," answered the garrulous old lady.

"Ah! jolly nice birds, pigeons," observed Mr. Davenant.

He then mounted his bicycle, and the pony-carriage being quite out of sight, he propelled his machine uphill at a rate which did great credit to

the muscles of his calves. Near the crest of the hill he saw the pony-carriage in front of him, and a little way down the opposite slope he alighted, led his bicycle into a convenient place amongst the gorse bushes, and stretched himself out on the turf with great content. He had an extended and uninterrupted view over the country inland, and apparently derived great pleasure from watching the play of light and shade on the clouds, for he kept his eyes constantly fixed on them. At length he exclaimed with a grin, "So it was right after all. I think that's one point up for Stonebridge against Charterhouse. Good old Stonebridge!" and, mounting his bicycle, he coasted down into Easthampton in tearing spirits, missing one or two appalling collisions by a mere hairbreadth, with unabated lightness of heart.

"Now, Towzer, have you formed any idea yet as to whom we are after?" asked Ambrose in his private sitting-room that evening.

"I don't know, but at a rough guess I should say Elsa and Hedwig, who are no more Belgian than I am. The Abbé Vanloo seems rather a fishy sort of chap, too."

"Good boy, indeed! But how the dickens did you tumble to their real names? I never told you that."

"Oh! just the usual way one picks up little things. I must tell you one thing, Mr. Ambrose. I went for a walk with Marie, or Hedwig, last night, and she tried to pump me about the Navy. It was awfully thick of me; I never tumbled to it at the time, but I see now. I had on your brother's dinner-jacket, and I rather think she must have taken me for a naval lieutenant," and Mr. Davenant drew himself up a little.

"Oh! She tried that game on with you, too, did she? That is what first put us on her track. A fortnight ago she tried to pump a midshipman, and he reported it next day to the principal naval officer here. He was a very intelligent snottie," added Ambrose reflectively.

P.J. grinned. "One point to you, Mr. Ambrose."

"The women's real names are Hedwig Schmidt and Elsa Vieweg. Hedwig had lived for some years in France, but escaped here with a Belgian passport on the outbreak of war. That, of course, we have only just ascertained. Now, with regard to the so-called Abbé Vanloo, I strongly suspect that he is a man called Otto Eberling, from Vechelde, near Brunswick."

"Where our sausages came from," interrupted P.J.

"If I am right, Eberling has done two terms of penal servitude in Germany. I am sorry to say that we think that the real Abbé Vanloo was murdered near Maidstone on 18th January. The local Roman Catholic chaplain assures me that this man's papers—what are called his *Litteræ patentes* and his *Celebret*—are in perfect order, but my theory is that he murdered the Abbé Vanloo in order to obtain possession of these very papers, and of the Bishop of Ghent's personal recommendation, by the help of which he has been able to masquerade as a Belgian priest. We shall know definitely to-morrow, for,

with some trouble, I have unearthed a Belgian refugee from this very village of Meirelbeke. Our man leaves Easthampton every morning by the 8.31 train for Ashford, returning here in the evening. He does genuinely visit all the Belgian refugees in the various Kentish towns. As he comes from Vechelde, where Low German is spoken, he can make shift with Flemish, for the two dialects are almost identical, and he speaks French and English perfectly. I shall take my man from Meirelbeke to the station to-morrow at 8.30, and of course, as he knows his parish priest by sight, he will tell me in a moment whether our clerical friend is the real Abbé Vanloo or not. Now pay attention, Towzer. As our sham padre is constantly travelling about, he meets all sorts of people, and can get information from them; but how does he pass that information on to those two women downstairs, and how do they in their turn send it on? That is what we have to find out."

"I see," said P.J.

"You have been up to Clermont, I think. Did you notice the parlour-maid?"

Mr. Davenant nodded.

"I furnished that parlour-maid. She is really Miss Whitbread, one of our most skilful lady assistants. Miss Whitbread has searched every nook and cranny of that house, and has discovered nothing. I believe that she has actually unpotted most of the plants in the conservatory. Those women downstairs receive no letters whatever. We take care of that. They sometimes don't see the Abbé for days together, and still the information is transmitted abroad. Miss Whitbread has a curious idea that the conservatory is connected with it in some way. How the dickens is it done?"

"I wonder," said Mr. Davenant. "If you don't mind, I'm so awfully sleepy that I can't keep awake. Good-night."

"Come out into the fresh air, Towzer," said Ambrose next morning. "In the first place, M. Kraft, the refugee from Meirelbeke, declares that our man is *not* the Abbé Vanloo, or anything like him. In the second place, as Miss Whitbread tells me that the 'Belgian' ladies always leave Clermont at 12, we might stroll up there at 12.15."

At 12.30 Ambrose rang the bell at Clermont, and as soon as he was inside he introduced P.J. to Miss Whitbread.

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Davenant, particularly as I rather think that you must be the one and only 'Towzer.'"

"I suppose I am, Miss Whitbread; but isn't it a horrid name to call me?"

"I owe you an apology, too, Mr. Davenant," continued Miss Whitbread.

"You mean that seeing me with those people you took me for one of their crowd?"

"I knew that they had an English-speaking person—not an Englishman, mind—working with them, so when I saw you deliberately pull your handkerchief out of your pocket, after you had pretended to lose it, I grew a little suspicious."

"Oh! you spotted that then," said the crestfallen

Davenant. "I thought that I had done it so awfully neatly."

"When you know Miss Whitbread better, Towzer, you will find that there are very few things she does not spot. Have you arrived at any conclusions yet, Miss Whitbread, about this affair?"

"None, except that the information is not given by word of mouth, or by writing, or by telephone."

"And you still have an idea that this conservatory is connected with it in some way?"

"Yes, I can't tell you why; police instinct, perhaps."

P.J. here broke in on their conversation. "How jolly pretty those flowers are! I should so like to copy their names for dad, but I haven't got any paper or pencil. Mr. Ambrose, would you be awfully kind and write them down for me?"

"My dear boy, Miss Whitbread and I are discussing a very serious matter."

"I know, but it won't take a minute; and I might forget. Dad is so frightfully keen on flowers."

"Very well, then," said Ambrose shortly; and as P.J. read the names of the bulbs off the labels, he wrote them in his notebook: "Lucifer, Innocence, Ornatus, Nelly, Lucifer, Empress, Albicans, Vesuvius, Empress, Sir Watkin, Cottage-Maid, Henry Irving, Albicans, Toreador, Henry Irving, Albicans, Mrs. Langtry, Toreador, Ornatus, Mrs. Langtry, Ornatus, Rosamundi, Rosamundi, Ornatus, White Lady, Flora Wilson, Isis, Vesuvius, Empress, Albicans, Mrs. Langtry."

"A rather unnecessary performance, Towzer, I think," said Ambrose irritably. "Now, perhaps you will allow me to continue my talk with Miss Whitbread."

"I'm frightfully sorry, but you might just try to take the first letter of each. Double names don't count; you only take the first letter: C for 'Cottage-Maid,' H for 'Henry Irving.' I think that it will interest you rather."

Ambrose began: "L, I, O, N," and little Miss Whitbread clapped her hands. "Oh! a very, very neat bit of work indeed! However did you get hold of it, Mr. Davenant? How does it go on, Mr. Ambrose?"

"L, I, O, N, L, E, A, V, E, S, C, H, A, T, H, A, M, T, O, M, O, R, R, O, W, F, I, V, E, A, M.—'Lion leaves Chatham to-morrow, five a.m.!' Towzer, my humblest apologies. What in the name of fortune made you think of the labels on these flower-pots? Our very best trained man couldn't have done better. My heartiest congratulations, and my most sincere apologies for snubbing you just now."

"It was a pure fluke, and it's rather a long story;" and Mr. Davenant recounted the episode of the previous day on the Denes. "So when they began jawing about flower shows, and—something else, I thought I'd have another look at this conservatory, so I pretended to have lost my rag—my handkerchief."

"And you found it *very* clumsily, Mr. Davenant," interrupted Miss Whitbread; "you must really learn to manage these little details more neatly."

"As every one had been jawing about the wonderful colour arrangement, it struck me as rather rum that a pink and a scarlet and a sort of magenta tulip had been put side by side three times, because they were so awfully ugly together. I just looked at the labels without suspecting anything, and they were 'Thomas Moore,' 'Belle Alliance,' and 'Duchess of Parma.' Then it came on me all in a moment: 'T.B.D.'—'Torpedo Boat Destroyer'—and I just read off all the labels in the front row of plants as easily as reading a book. Yesterday's message was 'Five T.B.D.'s off Beachy Head, four T.B.D.'s at Deal, eight T.B.D.'s off Dover.' I shouldn't have noticed anything except for those ugly pinks and magentas and scarlets. To-day, of course, the plants are differently arranged, and it's a different message."

"That is exceedingly intelligent of you, Mr. Davenant," said Miss Whitbread.

"Please don't say any more, Miss Whitbread, or I shan't be able to get my hat on again," grinned P.J.

"You don't strike me, somehow, as being liable to swollen head. You notice, Mr. Ambrose, that the message is in English," went on Miss Whitbread. "Doesn't that confirm my suspicions about their having an English-speaking person working for them? I am glad that she is to be interned."

"We have only solved half the puzzle as yet," remarked Ambrose. "How do those women send on their information? Have you got any theories about that too, Towzer?"

(To be continued.)

Mottoes for July

The fear of failure may be its cause.

If we should fail?

We fail!

*But screw your courage to the sticking-point,
And we'll not fail.*

SHAKESPEARE.

Sent in by MERVYN HALLEY CLARK,
Brighthelmston School, Birkdale,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

*Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty,
Follow the straight line*

Thou shalt see

The curved line ever follow thee.

R. BROWNING.

Sent in by STANLEY VANSTON-WALTER,
39 Wincanton Road, Southfields, S.W.18,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Talkative Barber (after wearying man in the chair for half an hour). "And what would you like on your head, sir?"

Customer. "My hat, just as soon as you can manage it!"

Plays from History

SUMMARY

[Before the coming of the Romans to Britain the people of our land had had no civilizing influence at work upon their lives except that of necessity. Occasional visits from merchants of Tyre, Sidon, and Carthage were the only glimpses afforded them of the world beyond their coasts; and the people in the south of the island were the only inhabitants to reap any benefit from this outside influence. In a rudimentary way they understood the arts of weaving, pottery-making, and farming, and so were superior to the more savage tribes in the north.]

But Rome, at that time the foremost city in the world, was gradually conquering all the peoples in the north of Europe; and France, known then as Gaul, was the latest conquest of the great Roman soldier Julius Cæsar. Across the narrow sea the white cliffs of Britain could be plainly seen, and to this new land and its conquest the energy of the Romans was turned.

After questioning the Gauls as to the manners, customs, and religion of the people of Britain, Cæsar sent Commius, one of his generals, as envoy, to lay claim to the land in his name, whilst he prepared to sail across with his armies to conquer it, if submission did not follow his demands.

All this happened some half-century before our Lord was born, 55 B.C.]

PLAY I.—BEFORE THE COMING OF THE ROMANS

CHARACTERS :

JULIUS CÆSAR, the Roman leader; COMMIIUS, a Roman general; A Merchant of Gaul; British Chieftain; The Chieftain's Wife; A Druid; A Messenger, Centurion, Soldiers, British Warriors, etc.

SCENE I.—THE ROMAN CAMP ON THE COAST OF GAUL

[Soldiers march in, break ranks, and sit down or lie down beside fires; merchants and women walk about the camp among soldiers, offering goods for sale; sentries are set; COMMIIUS walks in from the right towards CÆSAR's tent; soldiers salute him as he stands talking to the Centurion; CÆSAR enters and touches COMMIIUS on the shoulder; COMMIIUS turns and salutes CÆSAR.]

Cæsar. [Looking round the camp] So another land is won and another people taught the power of Rome. What a triumph we shall receive when once again we return home! But see! [pointing] what are those white cliffs across the water? If they denote another land, it may be added to those already in our power.

[Turns towards COMMIIUS.]

Commiius. Would it not be better to ask of these Gauls some information of the dwellers beyond the sea?

Cæsar. [Turning and walking with his arm round COMMIIUS's shoulder] Yes, my Commiius: a wise

general knows the dangers and odds which he must face, and we go not forward until we be prepared. Here comes one who, by his dress, should be a merchant. Call him to us, and we will question him.

[COMMIIUS walks forward and touches merchant who is selling things to the soldiers.]

Commiius. Come hither, and if you value your life, speak truly to him who stands yonder.

[Merchant walks towards CÆSAR, and falls on his knees before him, with head bent.]

Merchant. It would be a favour if the great lord would tell his servant of his desires.

Cæsar. Know you anything of the land whose white cliffs we can so plainly see?

Merchant. [Rising to his feet, but standing with head bent] But little is known, my lord, except that year by year merchants from Tyre and Sidon and traders from Carthage visit us and sail across the sea to the people of Britain—for such is the name of the land—to barter for tin.

Commiius. [Turning to CÆSAR] Tin? 'Tis a useful mineral, and one which it would be to our advantage to possess. [Turning to the merchant] What of the people who live there?

Merchant. They are a very fierce and warlike people, lord, who, I believe, live in dense forests and among great marshes, getting their food by hunting and fishing; savages of whom we Gauls know little except from the tales of traders.

Cæsar. I thank you; now begone! [Merchant bows again and goes away, still facing CÆSAR. CÆSAR places hand on COMMIIUS's shoulder and commences to pace up and down with head bent, as if in thought. After a time he looks up suddenly and stops.] We will find out more of them before summer has passed. My Commiius! it is a dangerous task I must give you. Go you and lay claim to the land in my name, and I will follow after. Bid them obey, or I will lick up their country as a fire devours the wood.

Commiius. [Bowing] Danger, great Cæsar, must be borne for the sake of Rome, and for Rome's glory I go. Your message shall be given. Farewell!

[Raises his hand in salute and passes out. CÆSAR stands looking round camp, speaks to soldiers, and then thoughtfully passes out also.]

SCENE II.—A BRITISH VILLAGE ON THE COAST OF KENT

[Women are busy cleaning the huts, preparing food, and pegging out skins of animals to dry in the sun. The chieftain's wife, spear in hand, stands talking to a Druid priest, who carries in his hand a golden sickle.]

Chieftain's Wife. [Turning to the west and pointing with her spear] See! our lord the Sun is sinking fast,

and I would that the hunters had returned before the darkness comes.

Druid. There is no danger, lady ; for thy lord is strong and fearless, and with the protection of the gods will win safe home.

Chieftain's Wife. The sky seems red as with blood. 'Tis a bad omen, and I fear some trouble is coming to us.

Druid. [Turning and listening] Hark ! I hear the sound of the dogs ; the hunters are returning. Come, let us meet them.

[The Druid and the chieftain's wife walk away together. The women leave their work, and run towards the entrance of the village. The men enter carrying carcass on two long poles. They carry spears and bows. The chief walks in front. As women come towards them the men raise their spears and shout a welcome. The women

[They go to the hut and there sit down. The Druid is standing talking to the men and women, who pay great attention to him. Some kneel as he speaks.

Druid. [Holding sickle above his head] Lest the anger of our lord the Sun be spent on us and he closes out from us his light, give to me, I pray you, a share of your spoil, so that I may offer sacrifice to him in his sacred place. This night he goes to his rest bathed in blood, and an offering must be made to him to turn from us his wrath.

[As he is speaking a messenger, breathless and wounded, with a broken spear in his hand, rushes in and falls down before the chief. The people hurry to the spot and gather round the chief to listen. The Druid stands alone watching.

Messenger. I come to you, lord, to ask your help.



SCENE I.—CÆSAR QUESTIONING THE MERCHANT OF GAUL.

take the carcass and carry it away, followed by the men, who go to the huts, place their weapons on the ground, and then with the women stand in a group round the priest. Whilst this is going on the chieftain places his hand on his wife's shoulder and stands looking at her.

Chief. It has been a merry day, but the game gave us a long hunt, and we are late.

Chieftain's Wife. Almost I had begun to be afraid ; the sky looks full of blood.

Chief. [Laughing and walking towards his hut] We must make sacrifice to the gods to turn their anger from us. Where is the priest ?

Chieftain's Wife. [Looking round] He was with me but a moment ago, but I should think he has gone to see what success has attended you.

Chief. Let us go, then, for he will claim his share without our aid.

Chief. What is the matter ? In what way do you need my aid ?

Messenger. [Rising and pointing to the back of the village] This morning, whilst we were by the shore, we noticed coming from the coasts of Gaul many strange ships. Down to the beach we went to stay the landing of the invaders ; but they were clothed in thick armour and armed with strange weapons, and they drove us back. Now [flinging his arms wide] the tribe is scattered in the woods, for we could not withstand the attack.

Chief. [Slowly rising and speaking to himself] I have feared this for some time, since defiance was sent across the sea. So the evil has fallen [waving his spear]. To me, my warriors. [Turning to the messenger] Come, lead us, and we will do all we can to drive away the strangers from our shores.

[The men catch hold of their weapons, and gather



Roman Eagle

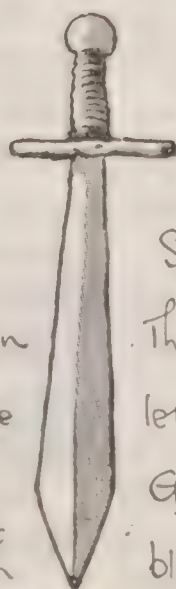
Cut in cardboard
placed on thin wood
and fixed to an
ordinary broom handle

Size: oval 6x4 ins
tip to tip 7 inches

This makes an effective
model in clay
wood and
Card



Bowler hat with rim removed, doubled
and stitched on the crown
makes a serviceable
Roman Helmet.



Roman
shaped in
Crosspiece
nailed
round with

Sword
Thin wood
let in and
Gandle bound
black tape

Size: handle 6x1 1/2 ins : cp. 5 ins : blade 18 x 1 1/2 - 2 1/2 ins.



Spear head

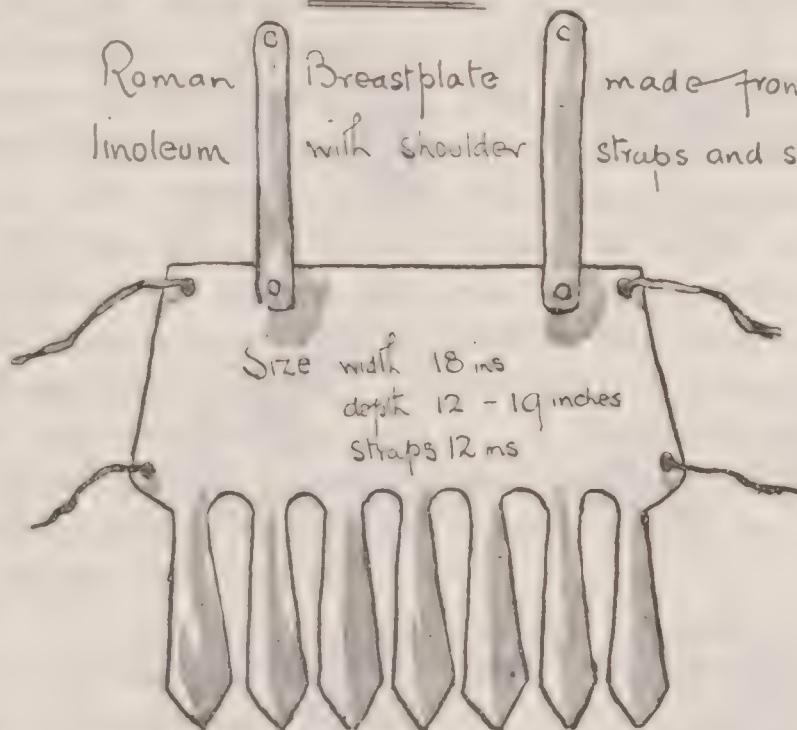
cut from wood with
roughly curved edges
tied on strong pole
with leather thongs

Size: blade a. 12 inches
b. 4 inches

pole. 8 feet.



Roman Breastplate
made from
linoleum with shoulder
straps and strings



Size width 18 ins
depth 12 - 14 inches
straps 12 ins

round the chief; the women try to stop them, but
are put aside; the Druid holds up his hands in
prayer as all kneel before him. Then the men
rise and march away.

Chieftain's Wife. [Rising and running to Druid and

putting her hand on his arm] Did I not say that there
was trouble coming for us all?

Druid. [Looking upwards] The gods help us all.

[The chieftain's wife, followed by the women, goes back
to the huts, as the Druid follows the warriors.]

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



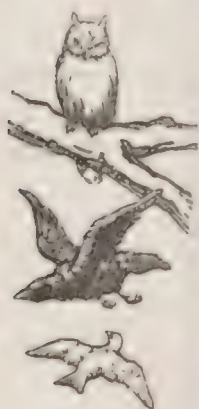
The Owl in the Dovecot

ONCE upon a time when I was a boy like you, I had a little brother, and his name was Bob.

Now Bob and I used to play together, go to school together, go to bed together—in fact, we did nearly everything together.

Bob said one day to his mother, “Mother, I should *love* to have some real doves. Do, please, get me some.”

So mother said, “Well, I will help you to get some, but you must save up all your pennies as well.”



Bob and I saved up our Saturday pennies for a long time. At last, with mother's help, we had enough to buy some pretty doves.

I can remember what fun we had putting up the dovecot. We placed it against the wall near our bedroom window.

Our house was in the country, and when Bob and I were in bed at night we could hear the owls hooting and crying to one another. It was a weird sound, and if Bob and I had known what it was, I think we should have been very much afraid.

Well, one night, a long time after Bob and I had gone to bed, we heard a very strange noise.

“Did you hear that noise, Bob?” I said.

“Yes,” said Bob. “I wonder what it is.”

The noise still went on, so Bob said,—

“Let's get up. I believe the noise is in the dovecot.”

So we both jumped out of bed, and got into our clothes as fast as ever we could.

Bob picked up the candle, and we ran out, and what do you think had happened?

First of all we saw the door of the dovecot wide open. Bob had forgotten to close it. There, lying dead upon the floor, was one of our pretty doves.

By this time father and mother came out to see what the noise was about.

They brought a lantern, and we looked inside. The other doves were trying to hide in the corners, or clinging to the wire-netting in a great state of fear.

At last we could see a great dusky owl crouching on a box near the roof. Its feathers were all ruffled up, and its great black eyes staring at us as it kept rocking to and fro. Then it lay down on its back and pretended it was dead.

All at once it got up in a great rage, flapping its wings to try to escape.

“Let us carry the box to the summer-house,” said Bob.

So we took the box out with the owl in it, and carried it to the summer-house, and left it there for the rest of the night.

Very, very early in the morning there came another owl to seek its mate; and when it could not find it, the bird sat upon the roof of the house and called and called again in very mournful tones.

The next morning Bob and I went to the summer-house to see our captive.

It was now quite quiet, and sat on Bob's hand, letting him stroke it gently.

“What shall we do with it?” said Bob to me.

“Let us take it to the old tree in the field,” I answered.

So Bob put it down near the hollow of the tree, and it shuffled away into the darkness.

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than July 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

lived whose son was raised from the dead; a Queen of England.

2. To oppose the power of the Government; to elude; mark or sign by which a person or an object is distinguished; something having sharp, cutting parts; a city of the United Kingdom.

3. A domain; nest of an eagle; part of an amphitheatre; a textile; signifies.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of any three wild flowers you find growing in July, and colour them with water-colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.

Competitions for July

(During this month and the month of August, when you are all on holiday, there will not be so many competitions as usual, because I hope it will be such fine weather that you will be able to be out-of-doors all day long. By the time you have settled down again to your school work you will find all the usual attractions in this corner of the *Children's Paper*.)

For all Ages up to Fifteen

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

Each of the twelve pictures given on this page represents the name of a town in England or Wales. What are they?

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a motor char-a-banc going to Wembley, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Eleven only

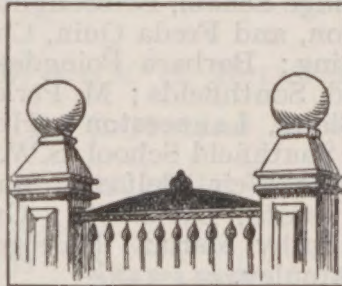
WORD SQUARES

Write down the following words, one under the other. Each word contains the same number of letters. The initials of the words form the first word:—

1. Another name for Anglesey; a state in Arabia; a town in the Bible where a widow



1



2



3



4



5



6



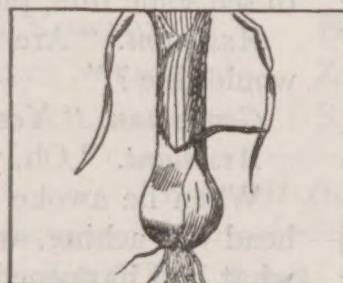
7



8



9



10



11



12

Prize List for May

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—I. E. Dearling, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, London, S.W.18. Victor Ballantine, Master's House, The Union, Derry.

Honourable Mention.—Toinon Picard, Nancy, France; Doreen Buss, Midhurst; M. Raillard, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Ronnie Greenwood and Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School, Burnley.

JUMBLED FLOWERS COMPETITION

The following flowers could be made up from the letters and groups of letters on the cards:—*Aster, Buttercup, Daffodil, Dahlia, Dandelion, Gentian, Geranium, Geum, Lily, Pansy, Rattle, Violas, Violet.*

Prize-Winners.—Stella M. Smith, Vine Cottage, Cropredy, Banbury, Oxon. Marjorie Reed, 4 St. James's Street, Taunton. Dorothy Gilbertson, 14 Tulney Road, Sheffield. (I hope you are feeling much stronger and able to be at home again.—EDITRESS.) Ethel Atkinson, 4 Halstead Street, Worsthorne, near Burnley.

Honourable Mention.—Doreen Buss, Midhurst, Sussex; Arnold P. Austin, Grange-over-Sands; Maurice Broad and Phyllis Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Lilian Wingfield, Violet Lemon, and Freda Quin, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Barbara Poingdestre, Bromley; William J. Ashford, Southfields; M. Perkins, Walham Green; Terence Blank, Launceston; Henry Steer and Neville Sanderson, Southfield School, S.W.18; May Hodges, Torquay; Bessie Weir, Belfast; Madge Eccles, Barrhead; Barbara Smith, Dunstable; Grace Mockridge, Shortlands; Dorothy Marian Thorogood, Canterbury; Dora Hayes, Bromley.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Norman S. McNeil, 56 Newark Drive, Pollokshields, Glasgow. F. J. Chapple, The Southfields School, Wandsworth, London, S.W.18. Louis Richards, St. James's School, Taunton.

Honourable Mention.—Marcia Keeping, Gillingham; Adelaide Macfarlane, Bearsden; W. Hewson, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Toinon Picard, Nancy; Barbara Smith, Dunstable; John Brennan, Larne; George H. McDade, Belfast; Sybil Ellis, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Margot Rawson, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden Hall, Harpenden, Herts. Jim Millen, Thrums Cottage, Ballygrainey, Belfast.

Honourable Mention.—Dulcie E. Rofe and Stanley White, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Irene Margaret Pute, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Ronald Harvey, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Maurice Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Lena Schroeter, Fulham.

"BIRDS OF ALL KINDS" COMPETITION

The answers were as follows:—1. *Cygnets*; 2. *Duck*; 3. *Crane*; 4. *Lyre*; 5. *Gull*; 6. *Jay*; 7. *Swallow*; 8. *Grouse*; 9. *Rook*; 10. *Quail*.

Prize-Winners.—Pauline Stammers, Wherry "Naiad," Thorpe, Norwich. John Allen, 23 Glasgow Terrace, Londonderry. Evelyn Adamson, 293 School Road, Crookes, Sheffield.

Honourable Mention.—William A. Cross, Banbridge, Co. Down; George Escott, Neville Sanderson, and Sidney Boulton, Southfield School, S.W.18; Florence Bolton, Bromley; Ronald Harvey and Kenrick Thomas,

St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; George Law Forsyth, Glasgow; Joan Smith, Westbourne, near Emsworth; Vincent Armstrong, Yoker.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Joan Isherwood, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Sidney Boulton, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, London, S.W.18. M. Raillard, 27 Clayton Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Honourable Mention.—Christine Weedon, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Sheila Warburton, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Morton Harvey, Belfast; Gladys Huntley, Ramsgate; John Bridge, Worsthorne Council School.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Sheila Burrough, 19 Borneo Street, Putney, London, S.W.15. Noel Jones, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. Vira Dieudonne, 26 Eachway Cottages, Rubery, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—Noreen M'Carter, Culmore Point, Londonderry; Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; James Bloor, Hesketh Bank, near Preston; Irene C. Tell and Ronald Wallis, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Ruth E. Mackinder, Alford; Peggy Lander, Birmingham; Evelyn Jiggins and Winnie Snow, Fulham, S.W.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—George Escott, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey. Phyllis K. Moore, Merton Cragagh, Belfast.

Honourable Mention.—Fred Cromey, Ballymoney; John Hadgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Peggy Lander, Blanchville School, Ruberry, Birmingham.

LETTER BAG

The Editress wishes to thank the following readers for their kind letters:—

MOLLY WHITEHOUSE.—I am so glad you find the *Children's Paper* interesting, and hope it will be a pleasure to you for a long time to come.

MURIEL REANEY.—It is a splendid idea to have your copies of the *Paper* bound. I think that when your little cousins get them they will be very lucky indeed.

BARBARA SMITH.—All success to you in your efforts to find new readers! I am glad to know you enjoyed reading your prize, and hope you will win many more.

PEGGY LANDER.—I am sorry you find the Mother Goose Dot Puzzle difficult, but you will see I have given you wild flowers to draw this month, and I hope you will like this better.

EDNA GILLESPIE.—Congratulations on your new reader! I wonder if our readers could guess the puzzle you enclosed in your letter! Here it is:—

YYUR YYUB ICUR YY4Me.

* * *

Gentleman (walking into a furrier's shop). "I want to see some furs, please."

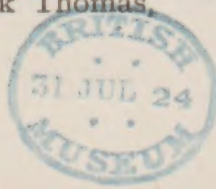
Assistant. "Are there any in the window that you would like?"

Gentleman. "Yes, the brown one in the middle."

Assistant. "Oh, you mean skunk."

When he awoke a few hours later in hospital, his head was aching, and he wondered where he was, and what had happened.

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CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM. [July

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

Name.....
Address.....
.....Age last Birthday.....